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THE WATER WAGON

AND OTHER POEMS.

—BY—

Rev. Walter B. Grimes

WITH

Ten New Temperance Rally Songs.

A book with the "Fire of
The New Crusade."

Published for the Author. Fifteen cents per copy postpaid.
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THE WATER WAGON.

Christian voters and Crusaders, here's a message for today,
How we've left the ruts and cobble, and are on the King's highway,
Slaves and bondsmen scarce believe it, that our land will soon be free
From the gin-mill and its ruin, from Rum's curse and tyranny,
For the better times are coming and the Brewers' heave a sigh,
That their days of grace are over and the country's going dry.

For the drought is surely coming, when the "still" will be quite still,
And the smoke that rose above it, hangs no more on vale or hill,
Where the owls shall hoot at night time and the moss shall overgrow,
The old ruins of the "still house" when the liquor trade shall go,
And the mills whose gruesome portion was ground out without a sigh,
Will be closed for aye, forever, when the land has voted dry.

For the ancient "water wagon" rumbles gaily on its trip,
Through the land from Maine to Georgia, and its driver needs no whip,
It began its glorious journey in the grand old state of Maine,
From the Kennebec to Bangor, 'long the coast and southern plain,
And for fifty years and over since the days of sainted Dow,
When the flag of Prohibition unfurled proudly, unfurls now.

And the lords of legislation, both by trick and method low,
Have assaulted this Sahara, and have dealt it many a blow,

But her men like Dow the hero, have in solid phalanx stood,
For some fifty years and over, like the giants in Maine's wood,
And her sons have always prospered midst great panics came no cry,
For her sons have saved their money, in a state that loves the "dry."

But the "wagon" has had trouble trundling through the filth of greed,
And for years the wheels turned slowly when old Mammon checked its speed,
Rich men, statesmen, said 'twould never meet the economic need,
Then high license had its inning, satisfied the sons of greed,
Now the "model license" story is the last despairing cry,
Of the "Bummy," "Boozy" statesman when he hears nine states are dry.

Next the "water wagon" trundled to the land where sunflowers grow,
And the sons of arid Kansas, voted that saloons must go,
Voted that this Western empire should not mar its honor white,
By the sale of honor manhood for the rummies shekels bright,
Not on sale her noble birthright—'neath God's sun and shining sky,
Kansas stands a mighty empire, five and twenty years been dry.

Fairest Kansas stood the testing and her fame reached every state,
Some maligned her and some loved her, nor does yet her zeal abate,
Schools and churches, cities, homesteads, dot her valleys and her plain,
While the empty jail and poor house tell us that the Rum fiend's slain.
Hushed the note of wailing sorrow, stilled the shriek and midnight cry
Of the brutal husband, father—MEN live in a state that's DRY.

To the land of North Dakota, where her northern
breezes blow
Great men said it, said it squarely, "the saloons must
go."
And across her sweeping prairies, in this home land
of the free,
Live a people that will never, bow to Rum's black
tyranny.
And the North land meets the South land, and the
yeoman raise the cry
For a stainless flag forever, in a land that is all
"DRY."

And the foam that made Milwaukee, famous with the
crowd that foams,
And her mayor's fizzing, fuming, in the cities where
he roams,
Does not foam in North Dakota, and in nine aggress-
ive states,
For the issue has been settled, has no need for Rose
debates;
For the water wagon rumbles and wher'e'er it goes
the cry—
"The saloons must go" forever, for the whole land
must be dry.

From the pines of North Carolina, to the hills of
Tennessee,
The old state has prohibition, and her people are
made free,
And this star of the old Southland, sparkles bright
to Roanoke,
For her people have arisen, broken now King Bibler's
yoke,
And King Bibler's carping minions, raise a tumult
and a cry,
But the business all is over, North Carolina has gone
DRY.

And the "Crackers" down in Georgia, gave the proof
of noble race,
When they lifted the white banner, in its high ex-
alted place,
And the grafters and the boodlers and the fixers and
their train,
Could not "fix" the Georgia yeoman, for the paltry
price of gain;

And the Colonel and the Major, great and small,
heave not a sigh,
For the noble work they finished, when they made
the state all dry.

Sherman marched from proud Atlanta, fifty wide
down to the sea,
The "State Widers" swept it wider, black men, white
men, were made free.
And the proud old Southern Colonel and his brother
in the blue,
Got upon the water wagon, rode together, rode on
through;
And "Old Glory" waves above them stainless—'neath
a Southern sky,
North and South are now united, for to make the
nation DRY.

Alabama heard the story wafted by the Georgia pines,
Banished from her state and people, beer and whisky
and her wines,
And her neighbor Mississippi caught the spirits after
glow,
And with voice that sounded "forward" said that
the saloon must go.
Splendid Knighthood of the Southland, lift your
shields and lift them high,
Bear aloft your noble heroes who have made the
South land dry.

Oklahoma, gem of statehood, land of peace serenely
blest,
Pearl of emerald in the sunset, 'mid the empires of
the West—
Wide her plains, her rich prairies, and the rivers
sparkling bright,
Not on sale to Rum's proud offers, o'er her rests no
shade of night.
Oklahoma spurned the offer, mute to all the Rum
fiend's cry,
To the honor of her manhood—entered clean, and
entered DRY.

And the Water Wagon halted, halted long in Ten-
nessee,
Till the voters got together, made it dry as it could
be,

And they spurned the proffered dollars, not on sale
for gain or gold,
And the freemen from the valleys, would not let
their rights be sold.
Fair old state of the great Southland, from your
vales to mountains high,
You have crushed greed and corruption, when fair
Tennessee went DRY.

There's the land of fairest women, where Kentucky
blue grass grows,
And whose fame throughout the nations, for her
Bourbon overflows,
With her stills upon the still side and her mellow
mountain dew,
With "Coon Hollow" from the 'Shiners, and her fa-
mous liquor crew,
With the ninety-seven counties where the water glass
rules high,
Surely our dear friend Kentucky, soon will join the
ranks of DRY.

Even the High Priest of Bibler, Marsee Henry, of
renown,
Has his peaceful home and boarding, in a local op-
tion town,
Though the foaming *Courier-Journal* fumes and fizzes
day by day,
Still the water wagon rumbles happy on its Southern
way,
For the hand of God has written, read the edict from
the sky,
That in spite of Colonel Henry, old Kentucky's going
dry.

There's a state called Indiana, 'mid the stars of
Northern sky,
And her sons at last awakening have declared it must
go dry;
And the brewers and distillers and the folks at Terre
Haute,
Have been worried very greatly at the way the peo-
ple vote,
From the sand dunes of the northland, southward to
Ohio's flow,
The proud Hoosier keeps on voting, says that the
saloon must go.

For nine-tenths of Indiana, has unfurled the banner white,
And her people are State Widers, and are in the war to fight,
And the B's of booze and boodle may appeal to spineless men,
But the most of these strange bipeds, live around the liquor den,
And the man who is a Hoosier, lives beyond the boodler's cry,
Will not sell for booze or money—Indiana's going dry.

Forty million of our people live beneath the banner white,
And Old Glory waves above them, stands for truth and God and right;
'Neath a stainless flag above them, in the golden age and day,
Where the curse has fled forever, and saloons are swept away;
God be praised for this redemption, and the nine stars in the sky,
That shine forth for prohibition, and are numbered with the DRY.

INDIANA'S GOING DRY.

Send the word across the prairie, waft it over hill and plain,
Let it echo through the valleys, fill the land with the refrain;
From the sand dunes of the Northland, southward to the river's flow,
Until every Hoosier hears it, and their son's and daughters know.
That a great drought now is coming, that will make the Rummies sigh,
And will rid the State of drunkards—Indiana's going dry.

Send the word along the Wabash—stop awhile at Terre Haute,
Let the people down in Posey, hear about the latest vote;
Let them hear it on the Maumee, all the way to old Fort Wayne,

That we cannot stop the voting, till it's dry as dear
old Maine;
For the Hoosier's tired of Brewers, and that's just
the reason why,
Indiana's marching forward, to be numbered with
the dry.

For the dry wave is a coming—has a jaunty South-
ern air,
Floating up from sunny Dixie, is quite breezy every-
where;
From the pines of North Carolina, to Savannah by
the sea,
Where the proud old Southern Colonel, calmly sits
and sips his tea,
While the "water wagon" rumbles and the Colonel
heaves a sigh
At the thought of all the Southland being counted
with the dry.

And we've caught the Southern spirit, we have wait-
ed, waited long,
And insult to insult added, is the story of our
wrong;
Indiana has been sated with the Rum fiends poison-
ous breath,
With its dread miasma's vapour, strewn its harvest
field of death,
Hoosier wives and mothers listen, Lift aloud your
battle cry,
Vote it dry for aye, forever, "Indiana's going dry."

Long have we been bowed in sorrow, long have
we endured the shame,
That our dear old Indiana had a tarnished life and
name;
But her many thousand Rummies who the laws of
God defied—
When the state has done her washing and the cloth-
ing all is dried,
Will be asking how it happened, and will heave a
mournful sigh,
For the Hoosier's tired of whiskey, and the state
is going dry.

Each returning mail is laden with a story of success
How the people have arisen for the cause of right-
eousness;

How some distant Hoosier county, put the Gospel
standard high,
And the gin-mills ceased their grinding in a county
that went dry;
And the brewers sigh for Richmond and their carp-
ing minions cry,
"What's the use of pushing forward, Indiana's going
dry."

And the Brewers promise squarely that they will
the laws obey,
If we'll stop this agitation and will only let them
stay;
But their days of grace are over, and the writing
on the wall,
Tells them that their doom is written, and God's
wrath will shortly fall;
For the thunder tones of judgment rend the earth
and vaulted sky,
With the stern, unchanging edict, Indiana's going
dry.

And the Brewers in their frenzy, put their boodle
in the fight,
Dare to flaunt in face of manhood, dare to curse
the truth and right;
Dare to buy in open market, bums and thieves and
hireling floats—
Ringed and streaked, Jacob's cattle,—so he has a
right to vote;
The saloon has made the floater, and he heeds the
Brewers' cry,
But it all avails for nothing, Indiana's going dry.

And the boozer, goozes gaily, in the thickest of the
fight,
Knows his master's crib and bottle, serves by day
and drinks by night;
And the handy little boycott, seeks the haunts of
spineless men,
With the dread of awful horror, should the Brewer
rule again;
Men of spine heed not his boycott, and ignore his
boisterous cry,
Bribes and gibes are unavailing, Indiana's going dry.

Bribes and bribing, noise and bluster, curses high
and curses low

Only hasten on the coming, when the dram-shops
all must go;
"Marsee Henry" by the River, rants, and floods the
Hoosier shore,
With his "yellow" Courier-Journal, with its hollow,
empty roar,
Of disasters dire and awful, when the fizless glass
rules high,
Hush your vapourings, dear old Colonel, Indiana's
going dry.

For the Southland and the Northland, make one
stand against the foe,
And their slogan cry is echoed, "The saloon must
go;"
For the grop shop is an outlaw, and its days of
grace are o'er;
Tried and tested and found wanting, send it to the
nether shore,
For God's balance, watched by angels, has summed
up and weighed its lies,
Found our dear old Indiana must be numbered
with the "Drys."

For the Rum trade long has gloated, in its track
a trail of blood,
From the victims it has murdered, swept them
seaward in its flood;
It has borne a tide of anguish through the vale of
passing years,
It has made of children, orphans, it has flooded
earth with tears,
And for this it stands at judgment with its old de-
fiant cry,
But the Lord its doom has written—"Indiana's go-
ing dry.

Haste, oh haste the coming of that golden age and
day,
When the brewer and distiller shall have moved
their mills away;
And when all their carping minions, shall have fold-
ed tents to go,
To the bleak land of oblivion, where the Lethe's
waters flow,
Then we'll join our Southern neighbors in a note of
triumph high,

When our state has prohibition, and our Indiana's "Dry."

And the foam that made Milwaukee famous town from sea to sea,
Will not foam in Indiana, nor in distant Tennessee,
And the brews of Mr. Lieber, will be brewed 'neath other skies,
When our dear old Indiana has been numbered with the Drys.
And the stills that stilled the whiskey, and the dealers high and low,
Will have shipped their goods and chattels, "the saloon must go."

Hear the "water wagon" rumble, on its way to Terre Haute,
Where the festive, foaming lager used to sate the thirsty throat;
Where the boodler and the boozer, fixed the old official slate,
But the day of fixing's over in the proud old Hoosier state,
And the brewer and the boodler, and the boozer and their fry,
Might as well learn to drink water, Indiana's going dry.

Old Kentucky, with its Bourbon, and its mellow mountain dew,
Hears the water wagon coming, and her brewers fizz and stew;
For the land is not so thirsty, hears no more the mellow clink,
When the glasses touched each other, in the fellowship of drink,—
Now when cronies meet each other,—lift the fizzing soda high,
Fellowship needs no more whiskey, when our Indiana's dry.

Now again we march through Georgia, from Atlanta to the sea,
And its dry as arid Kansas, Northward to the Kankakee,
And the Kansas "water wagon" rumbles Eastward to the Roanoke,

And one-half of our fair nation is no longer under yoke,
Do not wonder that we are happy that we sound our slogan high
When nine-tenths of Indiana has been voted for the dry?

And our corn fields will wave tassels, welcoming the era in
When our corn and wheat and barley will no longer turn to gin;
When the plains of Indiana, with their richest harvest yield,
Shall have fed the poor and hungry, from our golden harvest fields.
Oh, the Golden age of plenty, will all human want supply,
When the Hoosier's done with whiskey, and our Indiana's dry.

KING ALCOHOL.

Behold him as he cometh with gorgeous pomp and power,
With blare of horn and trumpet as if to rule the hour,
That wears a robe of purple and sumptuously each day,
Feeds at a royal table in gorgeous pomp, array,
While crumbs from off his table, he feeds to conquered kings,
Who couch like dogs about him, and accept his offerings,
Who is this monarch proudling, who sports his sparkling gems;
And dares in God's white sunlight to flash a diadem?

Who e'en assumes a sceptre and dares to wear a crown,
Who sets the earth a trembling by every word or frown,
While statesmen stand before him, obey his royal will,
Blind minions to his greatness, while he their coffers fill;

The conscripts in his army, strong men of noble race,
Yield to his vile seductions, and take the drunkard's place,
His is a mighty army, with foul and tainted breath,
A-marching down the steeps of time, to a dishonored death.

Who is this that dares to sit and sup with puppet kings,
Demanding full obeisance and all their offerings,
Whose courts resound with shouting his mighty deeds proclaim,
Mid Bacchanalian revels in honor to his name;
While orgies loud like ancient feast proclaim his banqueting,
And wassail bowls doth overflow in honor to this king,
Who is this that claimeth right, to hold a revel high
And law of man and law of God to trample and defy.

Who is this that cometh, now with pestilential breath,
That blows like dry sirocco, the desert wind of death?
Who walketh in the darkness across the midnight gloom,
And nerves the wild assassin, to do his work of doom,
Who carries woe and sorrow, contention in his train,
The sunken cheek the blood-shot eye and the fiery brain,
Whose music is the widow's moan, the shriek on midnight air,
The plaintive tone of starving child, the wild cry of despair.

Who is this soaring vulture, that watches for his prey,
Above the rocking cradle where each new manchild lays,
Whose reeking talons red with blood from many victims slain
Whose nature lusts for human blood, as in the days of Cain;

Who tires of carrion, drunkard's flesh, and with a demon joy,
Seeks for his victims 'mong the youth—his choice the hapless boy;
Ah! blood of good men curdle! Oh, Christian, will you dare?
Cry to your God in anguish, then vote to answer prayer.

Pray, what your right, O Alcohol, to be proclaimed as king?
And what your royal claim may be, for tithe and offering,
What hath you brought but darkness, but pestilence and death,
And love lies crushed and bleeding, where stricken by your breath;
Oh Alcohol, thou kingling vile, thy race is nearly run,
Thy minions and thyself must slink, before God's rising sun;
We brand thee with the mark of Cain, upon thy blackened brow,
The cap of doom we place there, we read death's sentence now.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE GIN-MILL.

On the "black list" of our nation
Are two hundred thousand mills,
Grinding out their gruesome portion
Of the drunkard's woeful ills;
And a hundred thousand mothers,
Tear-blinded in their sorrow,
Tell the tale of death and anguish
To their sisters of tomorrow.

* * * *

Loved ones called him "little brother,"
Rocking in the cradle there;
By his side the dearest mother
Daily lisped a loving prayer;
And the angels up in heaven
Furnished baby with a song—
Cooing, crowing, love light glowing—
Sweetest baby all day long!

Fondest parents watched him growing,
Watched him by his mother's knee;
"Now I lay me"—blessed youthtide,
Of his heavenly innocency.
Pure and clean as Eden's morning,
Knowing naught of ways of sin,
Angels watched the early dawning—
How could evil enter in?

In the days of adolescence,
None so pure, so grand as he;
Gracious was the coming promise
Of a manhood, noble, free.
Could there be a foe so fiendish,
As to plan this life to blight?
Could there be in pit of darkness
One so demonized by night?

In the lurking place of evil,
Where the powers of darkness dwell,
An impersonated devil,
Held a license—drink to sell;
Held a license from the nation
To dispense the drink of death,
Held the right to ruin manhood
With the upas' poisonous breath.

And the man who sold—the Rummy—
Bloated, sordid, seeking gain,—
Vended liquor for the money;
On his brow the mark of Cain."
What cared he for hearts a-bleeding—
Mother, home, anguish or pain?
Little children, starving, pleading?
His gin-mill he run for gain!

She was but a Christian mother;
Could not see the reason why
Christian men, in faith her brothers,
Should not cause this curse to die;
Shadowland of doubt and darkness,
Bleeding hearts are passing through,
Soon would come a blest deliverance,
Could our men but "dare to do"

He was but a village drunkard,
Carried to a potter's field,

In a nameless grave unmarked,
  There a hopeless mother kneeled!
Think ye, men, who call Him, "Master,"
When you at the judgment stand,
  You who dared to stand for license,—
Mark of Cain will be your brand?

Rouse ye, freemen! Christian voters,
  Do you know the drink wolf waits
By the side of every cradle,
  Legalized by your own state?
Can you sit with hearts complacent.
  While your nation and your home,
Are surrounded by this evil
  Traffic in the sale of rum?

THE COVENANT WITH DEATH.

(Isaiah 28:15.)

I was sitting in the court-house,
  Where the sons of Belial come
To renew their annual license
  To dispense and deal out rum.
Was I in the shades of Pluto?
  Sat I there with bated breath
While the state—my state was making
  Gruesome "covenant with death."

Then there filed that dark procession,—
  Two by two they slowly came
To present their "fair" credentials
  Of an honest (?) face and name.
Christian men hide, hide your faces
  While the proof is coming in,
And the sons of Cain are proving
  "Moral fitness" to sell gin.

Spake the county's leading solon:
  "Is the hundred dollars in?"
And the money sealed the bargain
  "License granted"—"Where's the sin?"
Sold for money! Public morals
  Is no item when the till
Of the state is overflowing;
  What care Boards for public ill?

What care they for hearts a-grieving,
  Blasted hopes, an aimless life,

Adrift on seas, the burning fever,
Starving children, a helpless wife?
For the Rummy is a lever.
Mighty power in winning votes,
Terrorizing Christian statesmen,
Lining up the drunken bloats.

When the day's sad scenes were over,
Filthy dive, and "marble hall,"
High and low the dealers blended
Court gave license, one and all.
Not a one denied his license,
Though his life were black as night;
"Fitness," for the place and business.
And the rule of "might makes right."

Still I sat in silence thinking,
When the last petition won,
And the Rummies had departed,
And the day's dark work was done,—
Lord, how long shall we be waiting.
Shall God's saints with anguish breath,
Bear the shame, disgrace and sorrow
Of this "covenant with Death?"

In the stillness and the waiting,
Came a voice so clear and strong;
"Christian men must line in battle;
And vote out this giant wrong,"
Men who love, and men who praying
Daily for "Thy kingdom come,"
Will your ballot bear the marking,
That will conquer demon Rum?

THE VOICE OF FREEDOM.

When the gathering clouds of darkness
Warned our sires of coming night
And the shade of Slavery's blackness
Overshadowed truth and right,
Spake the northern voice of Freedom,
Clarion noted loud and strong,
"We must break the chains and fetters,
And abolish slavery's wrong."

Then there rolled along Atlantic
From the Lakes to Southern Sea,

Voices loud against the "tyrant"
Who would stamp out slavery
And there followed curse and outrage,
On the heroes who would dare
To lift up the voice of Freedom
And the will of God declare.

"Abolition," glorious watchword,
Let it swell from shore to shore,
It has triumphed in the battle,
Slavery's curse shall reign no more
Honored heroes of the "forties,"
Whittier, Philips, Lovejoy—men
Daring, strong and one a martyr
Great in deed, in word, with pen.

* * * *

Thirty years of marching onward,
We are strong in wealth and power,
Will a free man pause or falter
On the issue of the hour?
Once again the storm cloud darkens,
Dark the mountain, hill and plain,
Marshalled forces, now are gathering,
We must battle once again.

Slavery's bonds again are galling,
'Tis the curse and power of rum,
Binding with its clinking shackles
Rich and poor from every home.
While the lords of legislation,
Blind the sense and dim the eye,
With the glittering of "protection,"
"Tariff low and tariff high."

And the prophet on the watch-tower,
Not on sale for fame or gold,
Warns a nation of its danger,
As was Sodom warned of old,
Like the heroes of the "forties,"
He will meet with scoffs and jeers,
Some will love him, some will hate him,
Some will greet him with loud cheers.

Line for battle, Christian voters,
Line as freemen brave and bold

'Gainst the hirelings of the gin trade,
They have bought with drink or gold,
Let your voice rise o'er the battle,
Falter not, but lift the cry—
Till the whole state hears the slogan,
"Indiana's going dry."

THE GIN-MILL MUST GO.

The gin-mills in the Hoosier State
Are stirred with fresh alarm,
And Demon Drink is made to think;—
From city, town and farm
Comes the glad news across the plain,
A gladsome joyful cry,
We're marching on, one more is gone,
The State is going dry.

The rustling in the Georgia pines
Is borne upon the breeze,
That tolls the knell of Belial
From Gulf to inland seas;
Their doom is written on the wall,
Oh hear the brewers sigh,
The tide rolls on, one more is gone,
The State is going dry.

O mothers of the Hoosier State,
Deliverance has come!
The mother's foe, the young man's foe—
The licensed den of Rum—
Has heard its doom read clear and strong,
Above the battle's cry,
We're clearing ground, O list the sound,
The State is going dry.

Come, freemen, from your hiding-place,
Get in the battle's fire;
Be men of nerve and freedom serve,
In Freedom's conflict dire;
The rum-shop's rule is doomed to die,
The courts can but deny,
Gin-mills must go—foul dens of woe,
The State will soon be dry.

KEEP ON TRYING.

Are you sometimes tired and weary,
In the battle strife,
And you long for scenes more cheery
And a larger life,
When the twilight's slowly dying,
Comes this message, keep on trying.

And you scan the lonely pathway,
You so poorly trod,
From the youth tide and its crossway,
In your struggle up to God;
Came a message midst your sighing,
Don't give up, but keep on trying.

Some great day when you are nearing,
The bright goal by yonder gate,
When the angel hosts appearing,
And your blessings there await,
Then rejoice while death defying,
'Twas worth while you kept on trying.

VIA DOLOROSA.

I have walked amid the shadows,
Scarce could see the gleam of light
Shot across the path of darkness,
In the gloam of sorrow's night.
But amid the tempest raging,
Ever walked a friend with me;
God be praised, that Friend has ever
Been the Man of Galilee.

I have felt life's keen affliction,
I have walked beneath the rod,
But He crowned the year with goodness,
And I've found new faith in God.
God be praised for all His blessings,
For the lighthouse by the sea,
With its gleam 'cross sorrow's waters,
And my Friend of Galilee.

Life now means a larger service,
Else the sorrow and the pain
Would have lost their deeper meaning,
And life's loss exceed its gain;

So I come, with stronger purpose,
From beneath the "cloud and sea"
With a larger life and service
For the Man of Galilee.

And I bring Him larger service,
With Love's incense to His shrine,
And a life that says, while trusting,
"Not my will be done, but Thine."
Onward, forward, this my purpose,
Till I reach the narrow sea,
And cross o'er to meet my Brother—
Meet the Man of Galilee.

FROM OUT THE DEPTHS.

Out of the depths I cry to thee,
A soul enthralled that must be free,
A bondman seeking liberty,
My soul will die,
Hear Lord my cry,
And make this bondman free.

I look to heaven, I see release,
'Tis borne upon the wings of peace,
A joy that never more shall cease.
The heavens shine,
With light divine,
For rest has come and peace.

My friend with feet in mire and clay,
From out your depths oh cry today,
Come to my Christ without delay,
Thy feet may stand
On Beulah's land,
Upon the solid rock to stay.

Oh, soul cast down look up, arise,
From dismal swamps the Highlands rise,
From gloom and night to sunny skies,
The heavens shine,
The glory's thine,
From out the depths arise.

THE PATHWAY OF PEACE.

I sit in silence at His feet,
My life is sad and incomplete;
Harrassed by doubt, distressed by fears,
I feel the burden of the years.
In pain or anguish—life's rude shock
I flee to Him who is my Rock.

I long to feel the joy complete
Of battle won and sin's defeat,
And impulse, pasion, self, and pride
Nailed to the cross and crucified.
Come, Holy Ghost, I long for Thee;
Abide within and make me free.

The Spirit whispers, "Grace is free,
Come, weary one, it is for thee;"
The offered peace I may command.
Shall I accept it from His hand?
I haste, accept, without delay
My all upon the altar lay.

And dare I say, as dare I must,
That I am His by faith and trust?
I yield my will, and light divine
Dispels the gloom and He is mine;
The joy of heaven and sweet release
Has come at last with perfect peace!

MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT.

"My grace is sufficient for thee,"
Glad message of truth thou art mine;
My rock to this refuge I flee,
And rest on the promise divine.

Once I carried my burdens alone,
And often I longed to be free;
But I found at the foot of the throne
That his grace was sufficient for me.

I stood mid the gloaming and dark,
On the shore of eternity's sea,
And I feared to launch my frail bark,
Then his grace proved sufficient for me.

And when I shall reach the bright shore,
Where from earth care's sorrow I'm free;
My heart shall rejoice evermore,
That grace was sufficient for me

His grace is sufficient for me,
Glad message of hope for today,
Dear Lord 'tis this promise from thee,
That arms for life's conflict and fray.

THE GOOD-BYE KISS.

I hear the patter of children's feet,
Exultant and joyous with glee,
Little "invaders" with messages sweet
And their good-bye kisses for me,
Away to school, my dear litle ones,
Your presence has brought with you light,
The books and the papers, work yet undone,
Are brighter and work's a delight.

Oh Message of Childhood! pure and divine,
Our Father has sent, and the bliss
Your childish faces, sweet message benign
You have brought in the good-bye kiss,
Like a dream of old, in enchanted land,
Shines the "study" with halo of light,
I take up my work and the labor in hand
Is a round of joy and delight.

I go on the street, I mingle with men,
Their greetings are formal and cold,
Kisses of morning—sweet magic again,
Turns the world into sunshine and gold.
My heart goes out for the crabbed and cross
Who are losing life's heavenly bliss,
Their gold and glitter is only dross,
They're needing the good-bye kiss.

Climb to my study dear little ones,
Break into my work with your play,
Turn over my papers, having your fun,
Your kisses will ample repay,
Whatever betide as years come and go,
I would not surrender the bliss
Of the love of the children, for all the vain show,
I'll cherish the "good-bye kiss."

THE OLD ROCKER.

There's an old, old rocker, and I love it so,
With its precious memories, of the long ago;
It has had a cozy corner, mid the passing years,
Waiting for my coming amid life's smiles and tears.

'Twas there I sat at evening, laid aside my care,
Forgetting all life's worries, rocking in that chair,
It has soothed life's fever, while leaning on its arms,
While joy and peace and reverie have soothed me
by their charms.

Around me came my children, and climbed upon
my knees,
They owned the man and rocker,—the little bird-
lings free.
Their throne was that old rocker, as we rocked to
and fro,
I and these little kinglings of the long ago.

And still the old, old rocker has its sweetest charms,
Amid the larger cares of life, I flee to its arms;
And mid the restful reveries, of the long ago,
I gather strength for battle, while rocking to and
fro.

Oh the old old rocker of the long ago,
How precious are the memories, amid the after
glow,
The tide is bearing seaward, and life's sun will set,
But the hours in that old rocker, I never shall for-
get.

THE LORD IS MY LIGHT.

When down the dark valley my footsteps shall go,
I'll fear not the darkness, His presence I know,
Will brighten the pathway, for he is my light,
To drive out the darkness with radiance bright.

Though there may be pitfalls, oh why should I fear,
His dear word of promise with its message is near;
Though my strength be as weakness, and I fear I
may fall,
His strength shall restore me, his presence enwall.

The foe that my footsteps may seek to ensnare,
May seek to enthrall me and drive to despair;
But the light in the darkness dispels the dark gloom,
It brightens life's pathway, it lightens the tomb.

Ten New Temperance Songs.

THE SALOON MUST GO.

Tune, "Hold the Fort."

Ho! my brothers, line for battle
'Gainst our common foe;
We are in a mighty conflict,
The saloon must go.

Chorus:—
Vote for right, yes vote is squarely,
Vote against the foe.
Vote out rum from state and county,
The saloon must go.

Long has rum its banner flaunted,
Filled our land with woe;
Now the wrath of God is coming,
The saloon must go.

Let the laddies and the lasses
And the mothers know
That this battle's for he hearthstone,
The saloon must go.

Let the Christian and the voter
Arm against the foe
With the weapons of the ballot,
Vote that Rum must go.

Vote for right and a clean conscience,
Vote so all may know;
That your ballot when it's counted
Means saloons must go.

Vote to save the wife and children
From their greatest foe;
Vote the rum curse from the nation,
The saloon must go.

Chorus.—

DOWN WITH THE SALOON.

Down in the licensed den,
Stands a brother man,
Drinking from the cup that will curse his life,
While all the fiends of night
Dance with glad delight,
Round a drunkard made, and a ruined life.

CHORUS: Vote out the licensed den,
All ye sons of men,
Save your poor fellow man,
Save him today.

Down in that licensed hell
Where the demons dwell,
There some mother's son, her pride and her joy,
Lured to this haunt of gin,
Whose now is the sin,
That hath cursed this home and a mother's boy.

All ye who voted wet,
Are you thinking yet,
Of your ballot cast and its train of woe,
Of the curse that you brought,
Virtue sold for nought?
And your black little ballot made it so.

Vote then, Oh Christian men!
Vote drink from the land,
For the hand of God writing on the wall,
Tells of the judgment doom,
Passed on the saloon,
And his day of wrath, when his judgment falls.

FORWARD TO VICTORY.

(Tune: Onward, Christian Soldiers.)
Onward, Christian voters,
Like an army strong,
With your clean white ballots,
That will conquer wrong,
Long have we been waiting,
To strike down the foe,
Long have we been praying,
For saloons to go.

Chorus: Forward, Christian voters,
March upon the foe,
Ever this your watchword,
The saloon must go.

Forward wives and children,
Lift your battle cry,
Let the voter hear it,
That you want it dry.
Rum has cursed the hearthstone,
'Tis your common foe,
Shout for prohibition,
The saloon must go.

God has surely written,
Placed upon the wall,
Judgment words of warning,
Soon His wrath will fall,
Christian men and voters,
Strike the common foe,
With a pure white ballot,
The saloon must go.

Hasten then the morning,
Of that Golden Day,
When the Christian voter
Votes the way he prays,
When the gin mills grinding,
With its grist of woe,
Shall have ceased forever,
THE SALOON MUST GO!

THE CRUSADE FOR THE HOME.

(Tune: Old Folks at Home.)

Vote for the homes down by the river,
And on the plain,
Vote for the boys and girls that live there,
And make it dry as Maine;
The saloon is down by that river,
Where children play,
And its shadow rests on the dear ones,
Then drive it far away.

Chorus: Oh, the heart so sad and weary,
Waiting for release,
From the foul curse of Rum that binds us,

Oh men, give our land sweet peace.
In the many homes of our people,
Hearts break today,
For tthe boys that are leaving our hearthstones,
In the saloon to stray,
Oh the blue-eyed innocent darlings,
Homes pride and joy,
What can the mother hope tomorrow,
When drink has claimed her boy.

Oh men who are lords of the hearthstone,
Vote as you pray,
Vote for the children that God gave you,
Move the saloon away,
Make the old flag that waves above us,
Stainless today,
May "Old Glory" wave in God's sunlight,
On a saloonless day.

VOTE RIGHT.

Some wander with the folks that booze
Some weep with tearful eye,
But we are in the option fight,
Until our State is dry,

Chorus:
Vote right, vote right, on election day,
Vote right, vote right, vote the way you pray,
Vote to save our people from the rule of gin.
Vote for Prohibition, and the day we'll win.

The hosts may gather with their booze,
Their kegs and bottles fly,
We'll keep the battle raging hot,
Until our State is dry.

Our God is fighting with the "drys"
Vote right our slogan cry,
We'll vote to save the boys and girls,
Our State is going dry.

We'll put the ballot in the box
Upon election day,
A ballot that is clean and white,
And counts the way we pray.

The Prohibition fight will win,
Let "booze" and "boodle" cry,
The right will win, then, down with gin
Our State is going dry.

OUR OLD INDIANA HOME.

(Tune: "Old Kentucky Home.")

The days are bright in the Indiana home
For the rum trade is doomed to die;
The voters are awake everywhere you roam,
Saying that the state will soon be dry.
The young folks down by the little schoolhouse door
Are happy and joyful and gay,
For good times will come, and troubles will be o'er
When the grog shops have all moved away.

Chorus:
Weep no more dear mothers,
Then weep no more today,
We will sing one song
Of a happy Christian home,
When the dram shops have all been swept away.

The days were dark when our youth in galling chains
Were sold on the auction block to greed,
And the price paid the state in the marts of gain,
Went to meet the state's financial need.
But the days have come when the little schoolhouse door
Needs no prop from a license fee,
And the price of blood to educate the poor,
Shall no more be the rum demond's plea.

The days grow bright in the Indiana home
With the larger life that's to be,
When the curse and the blight, the sorrow and shame
Shall have gone and from rum we are free,
When our banners white, for purity and home
Are floating in the Hoosier sky
Let the state rejoice, the mother cease her moan,
For our Hoosier State is going dry.

A GOOD TIME COMING.

(Tune: Sweet By and By.)

There's a time coming not far away,
When the gin mill shall grind no more,
When the North and the South shall be dry,
And the rule of the Brewers is o'er.

CHORUS:

In that sweet by and by,
We'll rejoice when the battle is o'er,
And our country is dry,
And the rule of the Brewers is o'er.

We have long bowed our neck to their yoke,
Heard the anguish and sorrow and cry,
But the bondage that bound will be broke,
When the North and South both are dry.

Then the smoke of their mills will be gone,
And their shops and their brew move away,
And the children that once cried for bread
Will be fed when we vote as we pray.

For a good time will come by and by,
When your vote moves the gin mill away,
And the North and the South shall be dry.
Then voter please vote as you pray.

OUR STATE IS GOING DRY.

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic.)

Have you heard the joyful message,
Have you caught the slogan cry,
From the Lakes to the Ohio, that our State is going dry,
And that beer and rum and whiskey and the fizzing booze must fly,
Our State is going dry.

Chorus: Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Our State is going dry.

Send the word down into Posey, tell it up in Lafayette
That the days of booze are over, and the drys will beat the wets,

And the loyal country voter does not care a fig for threats,
Our State is going dry.

Let the people down in Spencer show the brewers that the lie
Of a heavy load of taxes does not count where towns are dry,
And the trade in booze is ended and the rum trade soon will die,
Our State is going dry.

Send the word to Wayne and Richmond, let her people now decide,
Tell the voters down in Franklin, where some wet folks still abide,
That our State will drink cold water and "old booze" must step aside.
Our State is going dry.

Send the word to Cass and Blackford, that the days of boozing's past,
And the boozer and his master hang their banner at half mast,
For the dry wave from the Southland, our old State has reached at last,
Our State is going dry.

Tell the *Courier-Journal* that it's sun of power is set—
Ten years back in the procession—
When Ol' Marsee made it wet, ,
And its fussing, fizzing, foaming is the weakest ever met,
Our State is going dry.

For the Prohibition people have begun housecleaning day,
And tne first thing on the program is to drive saloons away,
Fellow voter, vote it squarely, vote it "yes" election day,
Our State is going dry.

Fellow voters up in Vigo, and dear, friends at Lafayette,
And in Franklin and in Marion, line with us against the wet,

For Rum's day of grace is over and its sun of hope
is set,
Our State is going dry.

GOD SAVE OUR LAND.

(Tune: "America.")

God save my native land,
From the Rum demon's hand
And curse of woe,
Save from the foes that blight,
That walketh in the night;
Save for the rule of right,
When Rum must go.

From valley and from plain,
Let not one "still" remain,
To curse with woe—
Our land from sea to sea,
From Maine to Tennessee,
Let all the land be free
From the dread foe.

Oh freemen be thou brave,
Scorn to be called a slave,
And Rum defy;
Vote that the shades of night
Give place to rule of right,
Vote for the morning light,
When all is dry.

Move the saloon away,
Vote, vote the way you pray;
Make the land free.
This is your holy right,
To save from Rum's foul blight,
Our land from deeds of night.
Vote, liberty.

THE DRUNKARD'S SAD HOME.

'Mid all of life's sorrows, wherever I roam,
The scene that most pains me is the drunkard's
home.

Oh the pain and the sorrow—the father away,
In yon village ale house, carousing all day.

Chorus: Home, Home, sad, sad home,
When father is drinking,
Down in the saloon.

What right has the father to use up the pay,
While the wife and the children, are hungry all day?
What right has the nation, to license the den,
That takes food from children—makes demons of men?

Then rouse, rouse, ye freemen—ye voters that roam,
Away from the hearthstone—vote, vote for your home.
For wife and the babies, and that golden day,
When the workman's tempter, has been moved away.

Chorus: Then, Home, Home, Sweet Home,
When father quits drinking,
And brings his wage home.

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